JOURNAL

OF

FIRST THOUGHTS, &c.

526

A JOURNAL OF FIRST THOUGHTS, OBSERVATIONS, CHARACTERS, AND ANECDOTES, WHICH OCCURRED IN A JOURNEY FROM LONDON TO SCARBOROUGH, IN MDCCLXXIX.

——— Aliena negotia curo,
Excuſſus propriis!

HORACE.

"——— other mens affairs,
"Now baniſh'd from my own, employ my cares."

DUNCOMBE.

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MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

JOURNAL

OF

FIRST THOUGHTS, &c.

SET off from the Grand Hotel, London, on Wedneſday Morning, Auguſt 11. Dined at St. Alban's.

This is a tolerable town, ſituated upon the Colne. The Roman cauſeway

from Dover to the North paſſed through it; and in digging they frequently find pieces of teſſellated pavement, a very beautiful piece of which I ſaw; Roman coins, ſacrificing inſtruments, &c. The country about pleaſant, but not very rich.

Near St. Alban's two famous battles were fought between the houſes of York and Lancaſter.

The famous Lord Bacon lies buried in St. Michael's church; and in the Abbey-church the body of the celebrated Humphry Duke of Glouceſter was likewiſe ſome years ago diſcovered.

This

This evening reached DUNSTABLE in Bedfordſhire; according to Camden, the the ſuppoſed Magiovinium of Antoninus. The town ſtands upon a chalky eminence, the firſt of the Chiltern Hills.

To all Aldermen and others.—N. B. Dunſtable is famous for delicious larks.

Left Dunſtable at ſix in the morning, and paſſed on to WOBURN, through the Duke of Bedford's Park, a very beautiful ſpot, that wants little improvement. The houſe ſtands low, and has been lately rebuilt. It was formerly a convent of Ciſtertian Monks.

Woburn is remarked for fullers-earth, and for the making of the beſt jockey-caps in England.

To the right, near Selſo, is Wrest, the ſeat of the Earl of Hardwicke. He married the Marchioneſs de Grey, heireſs of the laſt Duke of Kent, in whoſe right he has this eſtate. I received the following lines from a friend, who aſſured me they were in a hermitage in the grounds, and were the production of that man of true benevolence, Mr. Daniel Wray, to whoſe honour a medal was ſtruck in Italy about fifty years ago.

Stranger, or Gueſt, whome'er this hallow'd grove
Shall chance receive, where ſweet Contentment dwells,
Bring here no heart that with ambition ſwells,
With avarice pines, or burns with lawleſs love.

Vice-tainted ſouls will all in vain remove
To ſylvan ſhades, and hermit's peaceful cells;
In vain will ſeek retirement's lenient ſpells,
Or hope that bliſs, which only good men prove.

If heaven-born truth, and ſacred virtue's lore,
Which clear, adorn, and dignify the mind,
Are conſtant inmates of thy honeſt breaſt;
If, unrepining at thy neighbour's ſtore,
Thou count'ſt, as thine, the good of all mankind;
Then welcome ſhare the friendly groves of Wreſt.

NEWPORT PAGNEL,

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE,

Is ſituated on the Ouſe. A great manufactory of bone lace.

Slept at NORTHAMPTON.

This is a neat elegant town, the ſtreets croſſing each other at right angles, pleaſantly ſituated in a fertile country upon the Nen or Nyne; but not conſidered by the Antiquaries as a place of great antiquity.

About

About a mile ſhort of the town, by the ſide of Mr. Bouverie's park, is a fine Gothic croſs, called Queen Eleanor's.

NASEBY, famous for the battle fought there between the royaliſts and the parliamentarians in 1645, is within a few miles of Northampton.

At LAMPORT paſſed a ſeat of Sir Juſtinian Iſham's.

LEICESTER.

This large, old, dirty town, is ſaid to have been firſt built by King Lear, a thouſand years before Chriſt, and called Leiceſter from its ſituation upon the Leire, now the Soar.

The Antiquaries muſt have been extremely ingenious to have diſcovered this; for I ſuppoſe Hiſtory is not very clear in this point: but with theſe gentlemen, conjecture often ſupplies the place of truth.

It has likewiſe been ſuppoſed the Ratæ Coritanorum of Antoninus, becauſe it is ſituated upon the Roman foſſe-

foſſe-way—from the coins they diſcover here, and from the particular diſtances mentioned in the Itinerary.

This town has always taken a very active part in all the civil wars.

Part of the houſe in which Richard the Third reſted two or three days before the celebrated and deciſive battle of Boſworth Field, remains the ſame as in his time. It was at that time a large inn. The arch of the Priory Bridge, which he paſſed over in his march, remains entire, much over-grown with moſs and ivy, and makes a very pictureſque appearance.

The

The ſevere law, made againſt the followers of Wickliff's doctrine, paſſed in a parliament held here by Henry the Fifth. This firſt great reformer had been rector of Lutterworth, in this county. He made ſome progreſs in expoſing and reforming the errors of the Church of Rome; which Luther, a century after, continued with better ſucceſs.

Stocking-weaving is the chief manufactory of the town.

I wiſhed much to ſee King Richard's coffin; but was informed, that, after ſerving as a horſe-trough ſome years, it was broken to pieces.

We deſcended into a cellar, to view a moſt curious piece of Moſaic pavement; the hiſtory of which has much puzzled the Antiquaries. It is conjectured to be the Story of Actæon: the figures are better drawn than are generally to be met with in this ſort of work. It is compoſed of white and brown pieces of ſtone, the white forming the ground.

On our return to the inn, we were ſhewn a ruin, which, from the ſtrata of Roman brick, in the manner of Burgh Caſtle in Suffolk, and in the general ſtyle in which the Romans built their walls, appears to be the remains of their work. I am not Antiquary ſufficient to determine;

mine; but my Ciceroni, who calls himſelf very knowing in theſe matters, aſſured me, with the wiſdom of a Stukeley, that I may depend upon its being the remains of a Roman temple; and that the receſſes in the wall held the different altars. To confirm his aſſertion, he told me that many bones of oxen and ſheep, and ſacrificing inſtruments, have, at different times, been dug up here.

Near this town is Stanton Harold, the ſeat of Lord Ferrers. After he had ſhot his ſteward, he was immediately brought to Leiceſter-jail by the coroner; and it was thought a very ſpirited and proper exertion.

I can-

I cannot leave Leiceſter without relating a little anecdote of a lady who this moment paſſed me on horſe-back, and who, I believe, lives in this neighbourhood. I ſhall therefore only mention her Chriſtian name. I was told, that having frequently danced with a young officer, a man of a very genteel addreſs and handſome perſon, ſhe fell deſperately in love with him; but before ſhe could conveniently make her attachment known, he left this country, and paſſed over to the Continent, intending to take the tour of Europe. Charlotte diſcovered the route he had taken; and feeling herſelf extremely miſerable from his abſence, and in vain

looking for him in thoſe delightful ſhady retreats, where, walking with him, every moment glided away in uninterrupted happineſs, ſhe determined (as the only ſure means of calming her ſpirits, and relieving her from the torture of abſence) upon a ſcheme as romantic as it was arduous. But Love, Almighty Love, makes the moſt inſuperable obſtacles appear ſmall and trifling in the eyes of lovers: and, by believing themſelves equal to every undertaking, they, by this perſuaſion, riſe ſuperior to difficulties, which would inſtantly appal any indifferent perſon.

Charlotte was lively; and, though young, had an underſtanding that would have

have done credit to moſt ſituations. This her guardian had cultivated with the utmoſt care and attention, with the full expectation (the world was ill-natured enough to ſay) of marrying her to his ſon. This, I believe, was without foundation; but, as ſhe was handſome, and had a large fortune, envy and malice, whoſe arrows wound promiſcuouſly the beſt and the worſt characters in their flight, were determined to attribute the honeſty of his intention to narrow intereſted motives.

To vivacity, good ſenſe, a liberal education, and beauty that ſhed roſy ſmiles, this lovely girl, I think I may ſafely and fairly add, was poſſeſſed, moreover, of the common quality of her ſex—cun-

ning. Under the guidance of ſuch qualifications, my readers will allow that ſhe was in every reſpect as equal as any girl in Europe to the plan which her genius contrived with ſuch ſkill as to eſcape the moſt vigilant obſervation, and which was executed throughout the whole with equal ſpirit and reſolution.

Charlotte told her guardian that ſhe intended a viſit to her friend Miſs ——, near town. This was not objected to, as it was not improper.

She and her maid, therefore, (whoſe fortune was too intimately connected with her own to refuſe attending her) left the country in a poſt-chaiſe; and inſtead

inſtead of quitting the London-road at St. Alban's, and taking that which led to her friend's houſe, went forward, and arrived quickly in town; immediately equipt themſelves in mens' apparel; drove down to Dover, and got ſafe on board the packet. It was not till her firſt ſickneſs that ſhe ſaw in any degree the impropriety and difficulty of her ſcheme. But this made her extremely ill, and awakened reflection; her mind became inſtantly tortured with a thouſand fancies, which before never once occurred. Her dear Henry (ſhe thought) might perhaps be in love with another; or one, with ſuperior charms to hers, might be captivated with him. Who can reſiſt him?—He poſſibly might be

married.—Diſtracting thought!—From this there is no alleviation. At the beſt, the variety of French beauties, the amuſements and gaieties that occupied his attention in ſo extenſive and diſſipated a place as Paris, where ſhe had heard he was, might make him cold and indifferent to her affection; that the men are humble enough when ſoliciting, and as inſolent and imperious when ſolicited; that ſhe was going into a ſtrange country, where ſhe was totally unknown, with no more of the language than what a London boarding-ſchool had furniſhed her with; expoſed every moment to the inſolence and villainy of inn-keepers, poſt-boys, and valets, and to the artifice of ſharpers of both

both ſexes in every ſhape, who are always prepared to trap the unknowing and inattentive; and, above all, that ſhe was going to put her honour into the power of a man, who might not be induced to return the affection he had impreſſed her with.

Thus did this poor dear girl continue to torment herſelf; thus was ſhe ingenious in bringing before her mind every circumſtance that could aggravate and increaſe the miſery of her feelings, but not a ſingle favourable one to relieve it. She was dreadfully anxious from her hopes, and miſerable from her fears.

As the duke de la Rochefoucault, who perfectly underſtood the human heart, obſerves in his maxims, "Love, "like fire, cannot ſubſiſt without con- "tinual motion: it ceaſes to exiſt as "ſoon as it ceaſes to hope or fear."

In this uncomfortable ſituation was the lovely Charlotte when ſhe arrived at Calais: but, in ſpite of reflection, Cupid had fixed himſelf too deeply in her tender heart, to be put to flight with ſuch arguments and fears.—She had gone too far to recede; and there was no alternative.

Love, however, was the great object that occupied her whole ſoul; and ſhe went

went eagerly forward, without the leaſt apprehenſion from the diſagreeable conſequences that might follow in the diſcovery of her ſex.

Could any thing have withdrawn her attention from the dear object of her purſuit, an incident which happened on board the packet would have ſucceeded, and might have been improved into no ſmall amuſement at any other time. An old maid, ſiſter to Sir W—— B——, who was paſſing over in the ſame packet, fell in love with her. She contented herſelf at firſt with looks, hints, and gentle ſqueezes: but when they arrived at the celebrated Monſ. Deſſein's, the old damſel became ſo preſſing, as to put

her

her in danger of her ſex being diſcovered, which, I ſuppoſe, would have been no ſmall diſappointment to this female inamorata.

Charlotte arrived at Paris with a thouſand fears. What ſteps ſhe then took I cannot tell; but ſhe brought her Henry back to England, and her affection has been rewarded with happineſs.

The trial, however, was extremely dangerous, and probably would not ſucceed one time in ten; and poſſibly this might have been the caſe in the preſent inſtance, had Charlotte not been poſſeſſed (beſides her beauty and accompliſhments) of an independent fortune of twenty-

twenty-five thouſand pounds; for, believe me, Ladies, what coſts us little trouble to acquire, gives little pleaſure in the poſſeſſion; of courſe it is received with indifference, and loſt without regret. It has been thought, therefore, by the moſt ſkilful, that ſucceſs is moſt eaſily obtained by indirect and unperceived approaches; thoſe who immediately profeſs themſelves lovers, raiſe obſtacles to their own wiſhes; and thoſe who have experience from diſappointment, never diſcover their paſſion till they are convinced of ſucceſs.

Came to NOTTINGHAM by MOUNTSORREL, QUON (to the left) a ſeat of Mr. Meynel's, LOUGHBOROUGH, and BUNNY, where there is an old ſeat of Sir Thomas Parkins, bart.

In the road, to the left, ſaw a very neat well-ſituated houſe of Mr. Daſhwood's, at STAMFORD HILL.

NOTTING-

NOTTINGHAM.

This is a large town, in the dioceſe of York. It is beautifully ſituated upon the ſteep aſcent of a ſandy rock, commanding a fine range of rich meadows, which extend themſelves many miles, and are bounded by ſome beautiful hills, upon one of which, almoſt loſt in a wood, ſtands BELVOIR CASTLE, a ſeat of the Duke of Rutland's.

Over the Trent, which meanders along theſe meadows, is a long bridge of nineteen or twenty arches. This river is one of the largeſt and deepeſt in the

the kingdom; the rivers Dove, Derwent, and Soar, falling into it at Burton in Staffordſhire.

The rock on which the town ſtands is little more than ſand hardened: the arches of the vaults, however, ſupport the town. The vaults are very deep and extenſive, many of them winding about like a labyrinth; ſome have affirmed that they were cut by the Romans, others by the Druids.

The celebrated foreſt of SHERWOOD lies to the North, where Robin Hood and his good fellows made themſelves ſo famous.

Camden ſays, this foreſt firſt belonged to William Peverel, who lived in the reign of King Stephen. Since Edward the Firſt's time, it has been granted to ſeveral of the nobility who were in favour, as a peculiar mark of the king's eſteem.

It is governed by a warden, his lieutenant, a ſteward, a bow-bearer, and a ranger, four verdurers, twelve regarders, four agiſters, and twelve foreſters; all of them under the chief foreſter, who had it granted in fee, with full liberty to kill what deer they pleaſed, reſerving an hundred head in the whole walk.

The Caſtle is well ſituated upon an abrupt eminence on the South ſide of the town, and commands a fine view of it, the meadows below, and the diſtant hills; but can never be a place of much ſtrength, as a ſmall battery from the oppoſite hill would level it in an hour's time. It was built by William De Peverel, the Conqueror's baſtard ſon; and, after paſſing through various families, reſts at preſent in the Duke of Newcaſtle.

King Charles the Firſt ſet up his ſtandard here in the court-yard, but it was almoſt immediately blown down. This the Fanatics ſaid was God's doing, and

and a warning to the King that his cauſe was bad, and that he could not expect ſucceſs.

Stocking-making is the chief ſupport of the town.

It was at this place that our weak King Henry the Third, called Henry of Wincheſter, was taken priſoner by the Barons, with his brother Richard; and they were to blame in giving ſuch a weak Prince his liberty.

The country from LEICESTER to this place is very fertile, and extremely pleaſant.

GOTHAM.

In our way to Notingham, on the left, is GOTHAM, long famous (though I cannot ſay for what reaſon) for the particular ſtupidity of its inhabitants. But in this they are not ſingular. The Phrygians in Aſia, the Abderitæ of Thrace, and the Bœotians in Greece, were equally unfortunate in this particular. Whence Juvenal obſerves,

Summos poſſe viros, & magna exempla daturos,
Vervecum in patriâ, craſſoque ſub aëre naſci.

The road from NOTTINGHAM to MATLOCK, ſtony and uncomfortable. But the ſpot round the Bath amply repays every diſagreeable circumſtance in getting to it.

MATLOCK

MATLOCK BATH.

The entrance to this delightful ſpot lies between two lofty hills, with the Derwent winding along over a very ſtony bed, by the road ſide, at the bottom of a hill called the Torr. It meaſures 120 yards perpendicularly, and is a rude and picturesque pile of rocks, feathered up to the top with wood, and huge pieces of the rock thruſting themſelves forward, and peeping through the trees and ſhrubs.

The BATH.

Arrived about an hour before dinner; fortunately placed myſelf near a moſt agreeable girl, Miſs Alicia ——.

This young lady poſſeſſes a fine vein of innocent, chearful wit and raillery, which, like lightning, dazzles without ſcorching.

Climbed the rock, ſauntered an hour in the Lovers Walk, where, as Thomſon ſays,

" — The unpierc'd ſhade
" Imbrowns the noontide bower."

Good heavens! what beautiful and pictureſque ſcenes! how ſublime the view of theſe rocks, ſo charmingly fringed with wood! what a variety of beautiful tints, the effects of the ſun-beams playing upon their ſides, wet with trickling rills! Not even the brilliant pencil of the famed Apelles, who is ſaid to have painted "quæ pingi non "poſſunt, fulgura et fulgetra," could convey any tolerable idea of this enchanting ſpot. What various ſhades of vegetation, formed by the different trees and ſhrubs that ſkirt their ſides! whilſt little caſcades are ſeen falling down into the ſhining Derwent, which glides along at the bottom.

With all this, the ſweet whiſpers among the trees, fanned by the Zeyhyrs, have an enchanting effect. One could not avoid feeling and exclaiming with the French Poet,

Ces arbres, ces roches, cette eau, ces gazons frais,
Ont pour moi des appas à ne laſſer jamais,
Oui— j' aime à demeurer dans ces paiſibles lieux,
On n'y découvre rien qui n'enchante les yeux.

Amidſt theſe delicious ſcenes, the company delight to rove in ſmall parties; and the laugh and playful merriment of each

each are heard in different parts of the Grove, as Horace ſays,

———*Nunc areæ,*
Leneſque ſub noctem ſuſurri
Compoſitâ repetantur horâ.
Nunc & latentis proditor intimo
Gratus puellæ riſus ab angulo;
Pignuſque dereptum lacertis,
Aut digito male pertinaci.

Now let the grateful evening ſhade,
The public walks, the public park,
An aſſignation ſweetly made
With gentle whiſpers in the dark.
The laugh that from the corner flies,
The ſportive fair-one ſhall betray;
Then boldly ſnatch the joyful prize,
A ring or bracelet tear away:

While ſhe, not too ſeverely coy,
Struggling, ſhall yield the willing toy.

FRANCIS.

In one of theſe rambles, I came very near two lovers, who had been philandering along the Lovers Walk, and ſighing out tender ſentiments to each other.

" My dear Betſey," ſays he, " I am " at this moment the happieſt man " alive; and my whole ſtudy ſhall be " to contribute to your felicity."

I ſighed reſponſive as I paſſed them. Happy pair! I ſincerely wiſh this faſcination may laſt your lives.

Well,

Well, there is ſomething delightful, a charm not to be expreſſed, in the hours of courtſhip. During theſe *mollia tempora fandi*, we are infinitely happy. We ſometimes charm; and then our pleadings, like thoſe of the God of Eloquence, are ſoft as flakes of falling ſnow, and tender as the boſom of my lovely Nancy.

Hark! what a charming effect Mr. Edwards's flute has amidſt the woods and rocks! Surely the famed Arcadia never afforded any thing half ſo pleaſant as theſe rural ſcenes.

The

The uſual mode of living at Matlock is both cheap and agreeable. The company meet in the common room at breakfaſt in ſmall parties;—the remainder of the morning is ſpent as each perſon is diſpoſed;—dine all together at three;—after dinner a walk;—return to tea;—ſupper at eight; and at about nine we riſe;—the tables are removed;—the branches are lighted up;—the ladies eyes receive an additional luſtre; and the room ſeems, on a ſudden, ſo glorioufly illuminated, that I at firſt ſuppoſed that Sol, inſtead of retiring below the horizon into Thetis' lap, had deſcended hither, to partake of the evening's feſtivity.

We immediately begin dancing:

Junctæque Nymphis Gratiæ decentes
Alterno terram quatiunt pede.

And the comely Graces, in conjunction with the Nymphs, ſhake the ground with alternate feet.

In ſhort, here all care is baniſhed, and joy and ſociality only rule.

But let us endeavour to ſketch a character or two of this fair circle.

She who moves ſo gracefully, who looks with ſuch a tender concern upon her dying huſband, herſelf adminiſtering the

the pure limpid ſtream when he goes to the well, is the amiable Mrs. ——.

The following lines faintly mark her character:

Pleaſingly courteous, amiably ſerene,
Polite in manners, and genteel in mien,
D——d, in thee, the Muſe muſt needs approve
The pure quinteſſence of connubial love.

Miſs Alicia —— and Miſs —— ſtand next, in the elegance of their manners, and amiableneſs of their diſpoſitions. Both their countenances have ſuch a glow of chearfulneſs and good-nature diffuſed over them, as intereſts the heart at

at firſt ſight. In this the whole houſe allowed them the pre-eminence.

I.

LIBERTY in Love ought to be allowed us by the Ladies, as freely and extenſively as Liberty of Conſcience by the Government: for as Love (according to the vulgar's too general acceptation of it) does not depend upon our reaſon, but our inclination and our ſenſes; when theſe change, or our ſenſes tire, Love vaniſhes.

Why then, Charlotte, ſhould you be angry with me, for not granting what no longer

longer exiſts? I had taken the wrong phial*;—I have now drunk of the right;—the deluſion is vaniſhed:—things appear as they ought to do;—diſengaged from the turbulence of paſſion, I am now free;—be you ſo too. The moſt violent paſſions muſt have an end. The heart cannot always grieve, nor can it always love.

The greateſt curſe, and the greateſt miſery, is to drag the lengthening chain with one whom we hate or diſlike. Be ſatisfied then. Beware, my dear Charlotte; extremes are very near. Thus did Lothario argue.

* Vid. Contes Moraux of Marmontel, "Les "quatre flacons."

But

But Love, properly ſo called, is a different thing, founded upon other and more permanent principles. "And what is "this mighty thing then?" cries Maria, briſkly. "Tell us, kind Sir, if you "pleaſe, what this wonderful power is, "which the world makes ſuch a fuſs "about, which makes ſuch a fuſs with "us, and for which, you ſay, mere "paſſion is ſo often miſtaken? How "is it combined? Where is it to be "found? And how are we to diſtin-"guiſh the true and genuine qualities "of this brilliant from its counterfeit? "Surely it muſt be very difficult, ſince "it is ſo ſeldom to be ſeen in the pre-"ſent ſtyle of matrimonial connexions. "Heavens defend us! I fear I ſhall

"never

" never ſtumble upon this true brilliant,
" but die an old maid, or elſe wear a
" counterfeit all my life. But matches,
" you know, my dear, are made in
" Heaven; ſo that if they are bad,
" Betſey, it is Heaven's fault, not ours;
" we cannot help it. There is no re-
" ſiſting one's deſtiny: perhaps, child,
" they may be better in the next world."

" You are a giddy girl, Maria. But
" let us examine this ſubject a little,
" and ſee if we cannot diſtinguiſh ſome
" certain and leading traits in the cha-
" racter of this dear and gentle Deity,
" that will infallibly conduct us to his
" temple.

" Firſt

" Firſt, I define *Love* to be the *ſympa-*
" *thetic* union of two congenial ſouls;
" or, in plainer terms, ſouls in uniſon
" with each other, mutually affected
" with the ſame feelings and ſentiments.
" According to this definition, the mind
" muſt be the ſource of this divine paſ-
" ſion. A good heart therefore (which
" is always in poſſeſſion of many ami-
" able qualities) muſt be one of its diſ-
" tinguiſhing characters. Beſides this,
" a good diſpoſition, a quick and lively
" ſenſibility, and ſimilarity of ſentiments,
" with ſuch an underſtanding as will
" enable us to judge of and value theſe
" good qualities in the perſon for whom
" we have an attachment: for we can

 " never

" never love thoſe whom we deſpiſe or
" hold cheap.

" The dazzling rays of beauty may
" affect us like a charm; but if they
" have nothing to ſupport them, their
" effects, like thoſe of a fairy tale, will
" ſoon vaniſh. And when this deluſive
" faſcination ſlips from before our eyes,
" we ſhall find that we have been
" caught by a thing as light as air,
" without one ſingle quality to fill the
" capacities of a ſenſible and liberal
" mind: for as beauty decays, the
" image it impreſſed wears out. True
" Love is always diſintereſted, always
" conſtant. Thoſe whoſe fortunes are
" nearly equal have the beſt chance

" for

" for happineſs. But, unfortunately, in " this age, few purſue it in matrimonial " connexions; and Plutus carries more " to Hymen's temple than Cupid."

Voltaire ſays, " That the union of " two lovers, without good hearts and " virtuous diſpoſitions, is not love; it " is an odious and unhappy aſſociation, " by which they become partners in " vice, and accomplices in each other's " follies."

II.

FASHION and abſurdity will too often prevail over decency and good

ſenſe. Sir J. W——— loves his wife, yet in public is barely civil to her; and it would make him miſerable if an acquaintance caught her by his ſide with her arm locked in his. This is thought too plebeian. Sir J. is a fine gentleman.

Good heavens! what fools doth faſhion make of us! to be aſhamed to be ſeen with the woman whom we love and admire; whoſe good ſenſe and amiable qualities have endeared us to her, and oined us in one inſeparable intereſt for life! What is it we are aſhamed of? In fact, nothing. But vanity and faſhion blind our eyes, make us dupes to their follies, and we childiſhly ſacrifice our own

own happineſs, and every propriety and decorum to theſe fancied deities. Good God! never ſuffer me to be a ſlave to ſuch tyrants! Happineſs is the grand purſuit of us all; and yet ſo inconſiſtent is the conduct of too many, that no degree of it can be acquired—

Video meliora, proboque,
Deteriora ſequor.

III.

A Case of False Delicacy.

Miſs C——s ſaw a gentleman's watch in Cloacina's temple. She would not touch it for the world; for then it would

be known that ſhe had Cælia's failing. O horrid! The watch was left. The next viſitor was neither ſo honeſt nor ſo delicate; and ſeventy guineas went, from the lovely C——s' extreme refinement and delicacy of feeling.

Indeed, Ladies, I muſt allow, that it is a horrible filthy idea, to ſuppoſe that your delicate ſex ever ——"O fie, Sir, "ſtop!"—Nay, Madam, I only meant to obſerve to your Ladyſhip, that as we have had a pretty large quantity of damſon tarts lately at dinner, and your Ladyſhip well knows that ſome conſtitutions——"Hold! you filthy creature! "I know nothing about it; you make "me ſick to hear you."

Written

Written with one of Pinchy's patent pens, the 24th of Auguſt, three days after the fact.

IV.

What the devil of a cold ſtupid thing muſt Matrimony be in Holland, where the moſt violent Love does not amount to Friendſhip in other countries!

V.

"I have been up," ſaid Placidia, ſmiling, "theſe two hours, ſauntering "by the ſide of the Derwent. I feel

" it of more ſervice than drinking the
" waters."

" Thank you, Placidia. A good hint.
" Friend Horace adviſes the ſame:
" *Surgere diluculo ſaluberrimum eſt.*"

VI.

Placidia is not handſome, and in moſt companies too ſilent; but when ſhe does ſpeak, it is always to the purpoſe. Every one liſtens with the utmoſt attention, becauſe they are ſenſible every ſentence is worth retaining. She has much well-digeſted knowledge, without affectation. Her fortune is large, and her generoſity and

and benevolence are extenſive, exerted for uſe, not for ſhew.

Great qualities, like great light, can never be long concealed; they may be obſcured for a time, but they will ſoon break through the thickeſt clouds.

What a uſeleſs being is Clitander! Though poſſeſſed of a fortune of £2000 a year, he never did a ſingle action that could afford him any real pleaſure and ſatisfaction, or procure his friends any advantage.

Either

Either eating and drinking, or idleneſs and inactivity, fill up every moment of his exiſtence. The journal of a day is the hiſtory of his life. Yet he deceives himſelf into an idea, that he is a good ſubject and good chriſtian, becauſe he does no miſchief.

But ſurely there is no merit in ſuch a negative virtue. Clitander will not be the object of hatred; but he never will be beloved—beſides the infinite delight and heart-felt ſatisfaction which his indolence and the frigidity of his conſtitution deprive him of, in relieving the diſtreſſed, of being a father to the fatherleſs and widow, and exerting thoſe ſocial

ſocial and relative duties which are the perpetual ſource of true and genuine happineſs to ourſelves, and diffuſe ſuch joy and delight to our friends and dependents.

It is in the proper and exerted uſe of our faculties, not in their inactivity, that we reſemble the ſpotleſs Founder of our moſt holy Religion. There are too many of Clitander's diſpoſition in the world, who indolently ſuffer whole days and years to glide away, without any good or manly exertions, or the true enjoyment of life. Surely it muſt be at intervals the fruitful ſource of much uneaſineſs! By this vegetative kind of life, they exclude themſelves from preſent and future happineſs.

happineſs. They look in vain for ſatisfaction in the langour and inertneſs of the paſt; and at laſt a ſudden fit of illneſs, or ſome unlucky accident, awakens them to ſevere reflection, and they tremble at the moment which brings them to the verge of life; when eternity ſhall cloſe their uſeleſs exiſtence; and (as ſome moral writer beautifully expreſſes it) like the ſea upon the path of a ſhip, leave no traces of their being more durable than the furrow which remains after the waves have united.

Qui non eſt hodie, cras minus aptus erit.

VIII. W——,

VIII.

W——, at five-and forty, has juſt got a College-living, and is married to a fat loving maid of nearly the ſame age, who is for ever patting his cheeks, kiſsing him, ſitting upon his knee, and, in every company, and in defiance of decency and decorum, making hideous love to him, fully determined amply to ſacrifice to the gentle deity for the many tedious years ſhe has loſt without him.

My friend W—— is a great ſimpleton, to indulge her in what makes both ſo very ridiculous. One afternoon, whilſt they were carrying this childiſh

mummery of love to a very reprehenſible exceſs before a large circle, I could not help repeating the following lines from Ovid, leaving him to apply their force:

Pœnitet hoſpitii, cum, me ſpectante, lacertos
Impoſuit collo ruſticus iſte tuo.
Rumpor, & invideo (quid enim tamen omnia narrem?)
Membra ſuperjectâ cum tua veſte fovet.
Oſcula cum verò coram non dura daretis;
Ante oculos poſui pocula ſumpta meos.

The water of this place is of the pureſt kind, and remarkable for its uſe in diſ-

orders of the ſtomach. It gives appetite, and aſſiſts digeſtion.

Ye lovely ſcenes, farewell.

BUXTON.

IN my way hither, took the road to Chatſworth, the ſeat of the duke of Devonſhire. This is a noble houſe, and elegantly furniſhed; it ſtands upon a riſing ground, with the Derwent running at the bottom. The hill behind the houſe riſes very abruptly, and remarkably well wooded up to its very ſummit, where ſtands a white tower, which commands a fine and extenſive proſpect.

Chatſworth-

Chatſworth-houſe was begun by Sir William Cavendiſh, of Cavendiſh in Suffolk, who, marrying the Counteſs Dowager of Shrewſbury, became entitled to the immenſe eſtate in this county. Sir William died in an early progreſs of the building, and the Counteſs finiſhed it.

When the Mareſchal Tallard, whom the Duke of Marlborough had taken priſoner at the battle of Hockſtadt, viſited Chatſworth, he aſſured the Duke at leaving it, "That when he returned to "France, and reckoned up the days of "his captivity in England, he ſhould "leave out thoſe he paſſed at Chatſ-"worth."

The

This was an elegant teſtimony of the Duke's particular attention to him.

The park in general is beautifully varied.

Paſſed to Buxton through MIDDLETON DALE. The hills on each ſide, which form it, are entirely bare of wood, very craggy, and wild.

BUXTON ſtands in a miſerable ſituation. The water is juſt milk-warm, and much eſteemed in all rheumatic complaints.

Viſited the celebrated cavern here, called POOLE's-HOLE.

Several cottagers live at it's mouth, who furniſhed us with candles. The entrance is low, but ſoon opens to a conſiderable height, and continues, we were told, for above a mile; but we ſtopped at the Queen of Scots Pillar.

Fancy has given names to the different cryſtallizations and petrifactions which hang from the top and ſides. The path is frequently interrupted by huge ſtones, which either fell from the ſides, or were formed there. The latter opinion the guides very ſtrenuouſly defended,

fended, from a ſuppoſition, that, if the firſt idea prevailed, nobody would enter the cavern, for fear of being knocked on the head, and then they would loſe their fee.

The beautiful, but unfortunate, Mary Queen of Scots viſited the Peak; probably whilſt ſhe was a priſoner at Hardwicke. Upon her leaving Buxton, ſhe wrote the following lines upon a pane of glaſs:

Buxtona, quæ calidæ celebrabere nomine lymphæ,
Forte mihi poſthac non adeunda, Vale.

Next morning left Buxton, and reached CASTLETON about twelve. Before dinner entered the cavern, called The Devil's-A—e. This is a wide entrance in the ſteep ſide of a very lofty hill. After walking forwards ſome way, we entered a trap-door, the roof deſcending to this point. After paſſing this door, we continued going on, ſometimes ſtooping, ſometimes erect, 'till we came to a river, with a ſmall boat in it. Surely Acheron or Styx never looked more diſmal. To paſs this infernal ſtream, it was neceſſary to lay along in the boat, the rock almoſt touching the ſurface of the water. In this manner we reached the oppoſite bank, and paſſed on through every

every inconvenience, croſſing two or three rivulets, 'till we came to a moſt unequal diſmal part; here each of us was carried over ſingly, and left in the dark till the guide returned for the reſt. I was the firſt that croſſed; and, when left to myſelf, had ſome fears and uncomfortable feelings. The *ſed revocare gradum* of Virgil made a ſmall impreſſion. Some ſudden blaſt might have blown the candles out.

Recenti mens trepidat metu.

After this, we marched forward to the very end of the cavern, which, if I remember right, is 750 yards in length from the firſt entrance into the rock.

The air was mild and gentle, though not two months ſince the whole cave had been overflown, as is uſual at that ſeaſon, with the heavy rains.

There were two circumſtances which I cannot help mentioning, as they really had a ſingular and glorious effect.

Soon after we had croſſed the firſt river, on a ſudden we heard a number of voices from the top of the cavern, ſinging the 104th Pſalm. I never was more pleaſed, or more aſtoniſhed. The effect was charming. Preſently each lighted his candle, and we ſaw from whence the ſound iſſued. It ſeemed all a charm, like the Arabian Nights Entertainments.

Ten

Ten choriſters had, unknown to us, aſcended a ſhelving part of the rock, at a great height; and the 104th Pſalm, and "God ſave the King," were never ſung to more advantage.

We had ordered a blaſt to be prepared, which, when we got to the end of the cave, was fired off. The moſt deep and aweful thunder-claps that ever I heard in a mountainous country, never equalled the tremendous roar with which this rolled through the cave. One would have imagined that all Æolus's train had been confined here, and had juſt broke loſe. It was inexpreſſibly and inconceivably deep and fine.

In the cavern I found a *cornu hammonis* and a petrified cockle almoſt perfect. I would particularly recommend it to every body to be quite cool before they enter any of theſe caverns.

The Weſtern part of DERBY towards the North is called the Peak. In riding through this diviſion, we found it a dreary, barren, and uncomfortable ſcene. The ragged ſtone walls, by which they divide their land, for nothing will grow here, have the appearance of ruin and deſolation.

SHEFFIELD,

SHEFFIELD,

A large town, well ſituated for trade, very dirty, and very uncomfortable.

The manufactory for plated goods is extremely curious. The country from Caſtleton to this place, very bleak and uncomfortable; the road runs over very high hills and extenſive moors; but, diſmal as this part of Derby appears, it is extremely profitable, as it yields large quantities of uſeful and neceſſary materials, as lead, antimony, freeſtone, iron, coal, &c. &c.

SHEFFIELD is the firſt town in Yorkſhire, cloſe upon the border of Derbyſhire, in the road from Caſtleton.

From Sheffield, to Lord SCARBORGUGH's and ROCHE-ABBY.

SANDBECK is a new houſe, but a very indifferent one for a nobleman; the park quite flat: nothing worth ſeeing here.

ROCHE-ABBY, and the grounds about it, deſerved all the attention we paid it.

The ruin, I ſuppoſe, has been cleaned, as it is as beautifully white as when firſt erected.

erected. The windows and arches are as perfect and as finely cut as the moſt beautiful Gothic buildings of the fifteenth century, when the Gothic ſimplicity and excellence was at its greateſt height.

The grounds about it are naturally very finely varied; but Brown has added to them very much, by opening ſome places, planting others, making walks, and throwing a fine piece of water at the bottom through the whole.

This was the moſt eligible ſpot in the country for a cloiſter.

By

By going three miles to the left, we might have taken WENTWORTH-HOUSE, Lord Rockingham's. But we miſſed it, by not being informed of this circumſtance at Sheffield.

DON-

DONCASTER.

This is a large town, the ſtreets broad, and tolerably built.—N. B. Met an Alderman well ſkilled in horſes; he wiſhed to ſell me a nice galloway, as he called it, fit for the Queen to ride; offered very civilly to ſhew me every thing worth ſeeing in the town; but added, "he did "not recollect any thing that merited "a ſtranger's obſervation, except the "manſion-houſe and banquetting-room, "where they eat their ſoup and turtle "at the election of a Mayor."

FERRY-

FERRYBRIDGE.

To the left, about two miles, is PONTEFRACT-CASTLE, often mentioned in hiſtory. It is memorable for the impriſonment and murder of Richard the Second, ſon of the Black Prince.

Edward the Second beheaded his uncle Henry, the great Earl of Lancaſter, here.

Anthony Lord Rivers, Edward the Fifth's uncle, and Sir Richard Gray, were beheaded in this caſtle by Richard the Third.

WETHERBY.

Dined.—Bought ſome Pomfret cakes; and paſſed on to

HARROWGATE.

This is a famous and agreeable watering place, where the beſt company reſort, more for pleaſure than to drink the waters, which is in taſte and ſmell like rotten eggs. There is, beſides this, a Chalybeate ſpring. The ſulphur or ſtinking ſpring is moſt attended. It is ſalt-water impregnated with ſulphur. The mode of living is much the ſame as

as at Matlock, with this advantage, that there is a large room to retire to after dinner, which they have not at Matlock.

They have always better company here than at Matlock; but it is divided more into parties, and are not ſo ſociable—unleſs you can get into the firſt circle; *then* it is infinitely better and more agreeable. Every lady at her arrival, as ſoon as convenient to herſelf, gives tea to the whole houſe.

The country about is fine, and the rides very agreeable. Amongſt which, KNARESBOROUGH ought to be the firſt.

It

It is a neat pretty town, ſituated, and almoſt ſurrounded, by the river Nid, in the Weſt Riding. Upon the ſummit of a craggy rock, ſtand the remains of an old caſtle, from which there is a beautiful view of the diſtant country, and the river at the bottom. The hill is finely fringed with wood to the water's edge.

The Dropping Well is made by the water conſtantly falling from the top of the caſtle rock, which hangs very much over the bottom, making a vaſt number of ſtreams; for this reaſon, it is ſometimes called the Weeping-Rock. It has had the reputation of petrifying different ſubſtances; but thoſe I examined were

only incruſtations, the water leaving the minims, or infinitely ſmall particles, of a gravelly ſubſtance, upon any thing that is long immerſed in it, forming a thin cruſt over it. The wig they produced, and pieces of reed, eaſily convinced me of the juſtneſs of this aſſertion; for, upon breaking the cruſt of each, the hair remained, as before, quite pliable and perfect; and the reed, as before it was expoſed to the water. But even this effect of the water never takes place upon living plants. How abſurd, therefore, in many people, refuſing to taſte the water, which is very pure and fine, for fear of being turned into ſtone!

The

The Green-Dragon is the firſt houſe, where the beſt company reſort to.

" There is as much pleaſure in being " cheated as to cheat."

HUDIBRAS.

How the devil is this?

Mr. ——— ſold a horſe yeſterday to Mr. ——— for fifty guineas: he is not worth twenty.

" Sir," ſays Mr. ———, " I am a " man of ſtrict honour; but every body " cheats in horſe-fleſh."——What an honourable gentleman!

Mr. ——— is extremely happy that he has been too much for his friend. Mr. ——— feels no ſuch pleaſure. The pleaſure of being cheated is like the Scotchman's eſtate—neither here nor there.

Mr. ——— reads, I ſuppoſe, the Duke de Rochefoucault. I give him joy. He will ſee *one* ſide of human nature at leaſt. What pains men take to corrupt the heart! What a diſmal principle to aſſert, that a little pitiful motive regulates the nobleſt and moſt amiable actions of our lives!

I like to ſee the beſt ſide of things.
Read La Bruyere.

From this place we came to YORK, a very fine city, 197 miles from London.

The Cathedral is a noble building, and remarkably well kept.

The country round it is extremely pleaſant.

SCARBOROUGH.

This is a conſiderable town in the North-Riding, beautifully ſituated upon a lofty cliff, forming a creſcent towards the ſea. Near it riſes a rocky cliff much higher than this on which the town ſtands. On the top are the remains of an old caſtle built by King Stephen. From this point we had a fine view of FLAMBOROUGH-HEAD, 20 miles diſtant to the South.

The Spaw ſprings are very near the town to the South, and cloſe upon the very edge of the ſea at high water. They

They have built a ſtrong wharf of ſtone to the Eaſt, to preſerve the ſpring from the violence of high tides. The cliff at the back of it, ſome years ago, gave way at the top, and overwhelmed the houſe and ſprings; and it was with ſome difficulty that they were recovered.

Here are a great many machines upon the coaſt before the town for bathing; but none ſo well contrived, or ſo neat, as thoſe at Loweſtoft, upon the Suffolk coaſt.

We took a boat one morning to viſit FLAMBOROUGH-HEAD; but the wind not favouring us, we were obliged to put aſhore at RILEY, on the North ſide

of the Bay. Being totally ignorant of our way, we attempted to climb the cliff, which roſe extremely high, and was very ſteep. After clambering over the rocks at the bottom, I aſcended with great difficulty to within three yards of the top; it then roſe ſo ſuddenly from the point where I was upon hands and knees, that I could not get forward. The idea of returning terrified me; and, on looking back, I was aſtoniſhed at my temerity in the attempt, and at the height to which I had arrived. I gave it up, and expected every moment to fall. In getting juſt before from this ſame point where I lay, Mr. ——— ſlipt, and was near falling upon me; he however recovered himſelf by a ſudden

ſudden effort, but in his aſcent looſened the ſtones and gravel, which came rolling down upon me in a heavy ſhower. The ſame thing happened to me; but this laſt attempt brought me ſo near the top, as enabled Mr. B——— to catch hold of my coat, and draw me ſafe to the top. The people of the town told us, nobody had ever attempted that part of the cliff before.

It was too late in the ſeaſon for the birds. They reſort here in the ſpring, to build in the holes and upon the ledges of the rocks; and as ſoon as the young ones are able to fly, they leave this ſpot. Their numbers in the middle of June are incredible.

I felt

I felt a ſingular pleaſure in converſing with ſome old men here, who ſpoke of my grandfather with the utmoſt reſpect and gratitude, having been in his employment near forty years ago.

Here our horſes met us, and, after a very uncomfortable dinner, we mounted, and made the beſt of our way back to SCARBOROUGH. In this little expedition we caught ſome fiſh, amongſt the reſt a mackarel and a fine ſalmon-trout.

Near this place is an old neglected ſeat, which formerly belonged to Sir Philip Sidney.

NEW

NEW MALTON.

This town, with the country ten miles round, is remarkable for its breed of horſes. Here the famous BAY MALTON was bred.

From the Inn Garden is a terrace, which commands a fine view of the country. At the bottom, in the valley, runs the Derwent; and at a diſtance the hills riſe very high and agreeably.

This river riſes at Lebberſton in this county.

The

The Derwent, which runs through Derby, Matlock, Chatſworth, &c. riſes in the Peak, and falls into Trent.

YORK.

YORK.

This great city is the famous *Eboracum* of the Romans; and we are told by the Antiquaries, that three military roads paſſed through it. The Emperor Severus, and Conſtantius Chlorus the father of Conſtantine the Great, made it their chief reſidence.

This city is ſituated upon the Ouſe, in a flat, but pleaſant and fertile, part of the country.

The aſſembly-room, built by Lord Burlington (or, I ſhould ſay, more properly,

perly, deſigned by his Lordſhip), is by ſome much admired, by others much cenſured.

Whilſt in the Minſter, I heard a man exclaim, "Ah, heaven reſt her ſoul! "ſhe muſt have been a good woman; "for her father was a biſhop, her four "brothers were biſhops, her huſband "and father-in-law were arch-biſhops."

Was ever woman ſo be-biſhoped! If any one of this divine family get within St. Peter's Gate, ſurely he will take your Ladyſhip in his hand. This was Archbiſhop Matthew's widow.

I for-

I forgot to mention, that, in my way to Scarborough, I ſtopped at CASTLE-HOWARD.

The houſe I preferred to any I ever ſaw, though built by Sir John Vanbrugh. It is not ſo highly finiſhed, nor ſo delicately ornamented, as ſome; but it has a grandeur and magnificence beyond them all.

There are ſeveral good paintings in it, many fine buſts, and ſome of the moſt beautiful granite, porphyry, and marble ſlabs, I ſuppoſe, in Europe. Indeed, the Biſhop of Meath aſſured me he never ſaw ſuch in any part of Europe.

There

There are, in one room, a great number of very delicate and fine drawings in chalk, by Hans-Holbein. Here I really could not help breaking a commandment, by wiſhing them in my own poſſeſſion.

The right-wing has been taken down, and rebuilt under the inſpection of Sir Thomas Robinſon; but, for reaſons beſt known to his Lordſhip, they have got no further than the mere ſhell.

By this alteration, they have broke the uniformity of the building, and not mended its appearance.

The

The lower parts of the Park are in many places looſe and boggy. Gentlemen on horſe-back may ſave three miles, in their road to New Malton, by taking a road through the Park, and croſſing the fields into the turnpike.

I ſhall here introduce ſome thoughts taken upon cards at Scarborough, not having my book in my pocket at the time.

I.

At Signora Corri's Concert there appeared a tall man about five-and-forty,

whom the people of the town took to be a ſpy, and talked of carrying him before a magiſtrate. What prejudiced me againſt him was, a prodigious affectation of gravity, a ſtiff aukward gait, which did not at all correſpond with the dignity and conſequence he aſſumed, and his common-place upon muſic, which the performers ſaid was nothing to the purpoſe.

Thus it is, that gravity too often paſſes upon us for wiſdom, and vivacity for wit. The firſt frequently does miſchief; the laſt is innocent at leaſt, and contributes to mirth.

The

The Duke de Rochefoucault ſays, that gravity is only a myſterious carriage of the body, the better to conceal the defects of the mind.

It certainly muſt be allowed an imperfection. It is not naturally produced but by grief or misfortune, by weak and ſickly conſtitutions, and ſometimes by old age.

None but weak and inexperienced heads will be duped by ſo ungracious an appearance! It's deſigns are too deep and ſolemn to be pleaſant. Vivacity is a ſort of philoſophy without reflection; and yet the moſt vivacious ſpirit can re-

tire to the moſt ſerious reflection when it is neceſſary, when any thing of moment calls it forth. Gaiety and thoughtleſſneſs ſometimes are relaxations. The bow cannot be always bent.

But ſo diſpoſed is the world to find fault, ſuch a rage is there for ſcandal and ill-nature, that a little ſerious attention is called ſtupidity, vivacity (which ſome conſtitutions cannot avoid) madneſs.

Hypocriſy, however, is unpardonable. The natural diſpoſition ought always to appear, if checked within the line of good-breeding, in ſpite of the nonſenſe of people about us.

Envy

Envy is at the bottom. What people have not, or cannot obtain, they always affect to deſpiſe or run down.

II.

As I did not dance laſt evening at the *bal paré*; I threw myſelf careleſſly upon a form near two Ladies; one of whom, the neareſt to me, appeared conſumptive. There was, however, ſomething perſuaſive in her manner and addreſs, with a tender ſoftneſs and melancholy in her eyes, which marked, I thought, an extreme ſenſibility. A ſigh at intervals broke from her, that in-

duced me to conjecture ſomething laid too near her heart.

After the general converſation about the dancers, the town, bathing, the mineral ſprings, &c. &c. the ſubject inſenſibly turned upon LOVE, as I think it generally does when young people meet; for it is an almighty power, that in different degrees pervades every breaſt. She aſked me, amongſt other queſtions, "If I thought there really was ſuch a "thing as PLATONIC LOVE?" I was extremely at a loſs, not being able to gueſs from what ſource the queſtion might ariſe; and it would have hurt me exceedingly to have wounded ſuch a gentle ſpirit as this ſeemed to be, by any

any ſentiment that I might accidentally let fall upon ſo tender, and, probably, to her, ſo intereſting a point. Truth is always beſt and ſafeſt. A moment's pauſe made me determine to hazard my own opinion upon that ſubject.

I anſwered, "I believed there might, "for an hour, or even a day. Much "depended upon conſtitution. A very "intimate connection between the ſexes, "though upon the pureſt and ſtricteſt "principles, is dangerous. Platoniſm "is a mere farce. The animal and in-"tellectual ſouls (if with the Stoics I "may uſe this diſtinction) cannot be "ſeparated upon theſe occaſions. By "the animal ſoul, they underſtand the

" appetites and paſſions; by the intel-
" lectual, reaſon and virtue.

" Now it is generally granted, that
" where the paſſions are ſtrong, reaſon
" is very ſoon depoſed and put out of
" the way; then virtue, deprived of it's
" companion and ſupport, falls a ſacri-
" fice to theſe violent uſurpers.

" Platoniſm is ſometimes real, but
" oftener introduced to indulge an im-
" proper inclination, under the appear-
" ance of virtue, and that refinement
" of Love which does not belong to
" mortals.

" In

" In very young minds, Platonic Love
" may be ſincere. But remember, Ma-
" dam, that the trial is dangerous; that
" very refined feelings, like the well-
" tempered combuſtible of a mine or
" bomb, are rendered by it ſuſceptible
" even of a ſpark; and it is of little
" moment whether the flame is raiſed
" by a terreſtrial or celeſtial fire, the
" conſequences are equally ſure and
" fatal.

" In this caſe the Lovers may be
" compared to Icarus. They ſkim
" along the ſurface with delight, and
" play upon the wing, 'till, inſenſibly
" ſoaring from the delicious proſpect

" before them, into regions of tempta-
" tions they little expected and knew
" not the conſequences of, their waxen
" wings melt before deſires, which their
" good intentions are too weak to keep
" them from. Then who could have
" thought it!

" In ſhort, Madam, if you conſider a
" moment, you will find that the paſſions
" will have a ſhare in connections of
" this kind. Nature will not be checked
" by any pretended refinements. Be-
" lieve me, it is mere ſophiſtry."

She ſighed, looked down, and played with her fan-ſticks.

By

By this I gueſſed I had hit her diſeaſe, therefore did not preſs any farther a ſubject that might increaſe it. I then paſſed to ſome other Ladies; and, as I left Scarborough the ſecond day after, ſaw no more of this penſive fair-one, which I was ſorry for. My curioſity was excited.

III.

For Heaven's ſake, Madam, have ſome mercy! Drop the veil, and be not ſo ſevere upon the follies of others. We have all our little imperfections, and the arrows of envy and malice may ſtrike us

us in their flight, and inflict a ſevere wound when we leaſt expect it! Then who will feel for us?

IV.

What an inimitable compoſition is the tenth Satire of Juvenal!

Mens ſana, in corpore ſano.

This is ſurely a very wiſe petition. There never was a time when this ſalutary petition would be more acceptable. Almoſt half the world are mad, and almoſt the other half debilitated by folly and diſſipation.

BOROUGH-

BOROUGHBRIDGE.

This Town, now of no conſequence, was, according to Mr. Camden, conſiderable in the time of the Romans, and called *Iſurium Brigantium*; and no place hath yielded a greater number of Roman antiquities of every kind. We viſited the three pyramidical ſtones, called by the common people *The Devil's Arrows.*

The man at the Inn informed us, that they had dug round one as far down as it's height out of the ground, but could find no foundation.

As

As theſe obeliſks or pyramids have puzzled the Antiquaries, I ſhall leave them.

What common minds cannot account for or comprehend, they always attribute to ſome ſupernatural agency. So none but his Highneſs of the infernal regions could have placed them there; and, according to this vulgar notion, they are called the Devil's Arrows.

I remember, in Germany, my guide ſtopped his Bidet in a moſt fearful and hideous place, upon the narrow ridge of a very rocky hill, to aſſure me that the huge piece of rock that ſtretched from

the point, upon which we were, to the bottom, was brought there by the Devil, the Pope ordering him to build a church at Stavelo, about a league from hence. But, meeting a cobler, and enquiring the way and diſtance, upon being informed, he threw it down in a rage, ſwore he would carry it no farther, and in a flame entered a hole at the bottom of the hill.

However ridiculous this ſtory may appear, the guide believed it, and aſſured me that it was a real miracle.

Ignorance is a good foundation for ſuperſtition, and they generally go hand in hand.

hand. Thus it is, the Roman Catholic prieſts ride the people! But the purity and ſimplicity of the Chriſtian——

Hold! where am I running to? Let us proceed in our Journey.

RIPPON.

RIPPON.

This is the *Iſurium* of the Romans, and is a very pleaſant neat town.

About two ſhort miles from hence lies STUDLEY-PARK, a ſeat of Mr. Aiſlabye's. The houſe is a very poor one; but the park and pleaſure-grounds are delightful from a thouſand points of view. Art and Nature have done their utmoſt in the variation of the grounds.

The caſcade is very poor. Inſtead of the water being made to fall over huge pieces of rock, laid one upon the other,

there is a regular flight of ſteps, which the ſtream paſſes over. The whole, however, in ſpite of ſome ſpecimens of falſe taſte, is above deſcription. I ſhall not attempt it.

Here we ſpent the whole day, and then went forward next morning to HACK-FALL.

Here Nature reigns alone; neither does ſhe want any aſſiſtance.

The fineſt and moſt pictureſque view of Hack-fall is from Fiſher's-Hall. The next from a little white ſummer-room, where the family ſometimes drink tea.

MASSAM ſteeple, and part of the town, is ſeen through the trees in the back-ground.

Returned to STUDLEY.

FOUNTAIN'S-ABBEY is a beautiful remain, and the moſt perfect in England. It's monks were of the Ciſtercian order. This monaſtery, at the diſſolution, was valued at 998*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* It was dedicated to the Virgin Mary.

LEEDS.

This is a large town upon the Aire; and, I believe, the largeſt pariſh in England. Here is but one parochial church, and they reckon above 20,000 inhabitants. There are beſides many chapels of eaſe, and ſome meeting-houſes.

LEEDS is famous for it's cloth-manufactory. The clothiers formerly expoſed their cloth to ſale in the open market; now they have large halls built round three ſides of a quadrangle; the fourth is cloſed with iron palliſadoes. Here each clothier depoſits his cloths; and upon

upon the market-days, Tueſdays and Saturdays, the merchants enter the halls at ſeven in the morning with their commiſſion-patterns in their hands, which when they have matched, they lean acroſs to the proprietor, who whiſpers the price. The merchant, if he thinks it too high, offers the moſt he can give. If it is not accepted, he goes on further. The market continues but an hour; yet, ſo expeditious are they, that, I am told, twenty-thouſand pounds worth of cloth have been negociated in this ſhort ſpace of time.

I called upon a gentleman who was ſome time Tutor to me at College, and he did me the favour to ride with me

to KIRKSTALL-ABBEY, of the Ciſtercian order. After it's diſſolution, it was given to Archbiſhop Cranmer by Henry the Eighth, as a pliant ſon in iniquity: he was head of the College at Rippon, where he read the divorce againſt Queen Catherine.

This abbey is more perfect than any I have ſeen, except FOUNTAIN'S. The ſteeple of the abbey-church was entire till laſt winter, when one of the pillars gave way, and half of a very beautiful arch fell with it; the other half at preſent remains, but it's own weight muſt ſoon demoliſh it.

The

The original architecture of this abbey was all Saxon; but many parts appear to have been ſince rebuilt, ſome with Gothic arches, capitals, and ornaments; other parts with that mixed ſort of arch, which, I believe, was introduced in Henry the Eighth's time.

The evening before we arrived, 300 French priſoners marched in upon their parole of honour, which the town ſeemed very much diſſatisfied with, as their miſerable appearance gave them no hopes of their leaving any thing behind them but fleas and children. Their bounds extended a mile every way round the town.

From LEEDS we came to MANCHESTER, by EALAND and ROCHDALE; through which laſt place runs the river Roche.

MAN-

MANCHESTER

Is a large town upon the river Irwell. The different manufactories are conſiderable, and the inhabitants in general very rich. The number of houſes have increaſed wonderfully within theſe few years; and have extended the old town to an aſtoniſhing diſtance, forming ſtreets as broad as moſt in London. I joined a party (among whom were Miſs S——, and Miſs L——, an agreeable girl with a moſt bewitching pair of eyes) in a little ſcheme up the Duke of Bridgewater's canal, in a *trecht ſchuyt*. Where it paſſes over the road and old canal, the water

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water is continued by bridges built acroſs them, ſo that boats are ſometimes ſeen paſſing and repaſſing above, whilſt others are croſſing under the new canal in the old navigation, which runs conſiderably lower; or coaches driving under whilſt the craft are ſailing above. This was an arduous undertaking, and coſt a very large ſum of money. But the Duke, although an old man, had ſet his heart upon accompliſhing it, and was indefatigable in the execution of it, in ſpite of the infinite difficulties he had to contend with.

Left MANCHESTER with great regret.

MAT-

MATLOCK BATH.

All my old friends gone, except Mr. Edwards.

At dinner ſat near a Yorkſhire gentleman, who riſked ſome *double entendres*, as he called them; but, in fact, he knew little what a *double entendre* was; none of his would bear but *one* conſtruction. The Ladies felt the impropriety, and kept him at a diſtance. They could not do otherwiſe; for all converſations with Ladies, upon ſubjects of gallantry, ſhould be very nicely cloathed; their ideas are as quick as lightning; their ears delicate;

cate; and unleſs, therefore, they are far gone, their imagination delights to move in the ſhade.

Some writer (God knows who) compares immodeſt Wits to Beggars, who betray their poverty by expoſing their nakedneſs. Extraordinary as it may ſeem, I know ſome young men who cannot bear that modeſty and delicacy of ſentiment, thoſe graceful and eſſential ornaments of a woman; and which if they want, they want more than half their charms. They are pleaſing even in a Miſtreſs. The better rank of Ladies of the town ſeem ſenſible of their advantage, and, for this reaſon, aſſume both as far as they are able.

A S H-

ASHBOURN.

At this place I was ſo fortunate as to meet with Dr. M—— Biſhop of Meath, Mrs. M——, her brother Mr. F——, and the Doctor's niece Miſs L——; all of whom, except Mr. F——, I had ſeen at Harrowgate. They were going this morning to viſit Mr. Okeover's, ISLAM, and DOVEDALE. At the firſt is the celebrated picture of Raphael. Dr. M——, very politely, and with a civility I had no reaſon to expect, offered me a ſeat in his coach, which I very gladly accepted.

Islam is at preſent occupied by Mr. Bloxam; but it belongs to Mr. Port, who has built a ſmall houſe in the village to ſave a little caſh. The pleaſure-grounds are ſmall, but delightful. The rivers Hemp and Manyfold riſe in them, and wind along the ſide of the walks.

Thorp-cloud is ſeen from the garden. It is not ſo high as ſome other hills about it, but remarked for its ſingular form, which is in the ſhape of a pyramid.

We drove from hence to Dove Dale. This is a very wild, ſequeſtered ſpot indeed. We got out of the coach, and walked a conſiderable diſtance into the vale,

vale, by the ſide of the ſilent Dove, which glides gently along the dale.

At the entrance, the hills riſe very high, and are very craggy, huge pieces of the rock burſting forth from their ſides, and overhanging the dale.

Farther into the dale, the hills are well cloathed with wood, making a grand and pictureſque view.

I ſhould conceive that, if the Dove precipitated itſelf down into the dale from the ſummit of theſe rocks, the whole ſcene together would make the moſt glorious and ſublime appearance ever beheld; infinitely finer than the much

much admired caſcade at Coo in Germany.

We ſtayed ſauntering in the dale 'till a ſhower drove us into the coach, when we returned immediately to Aſhbourn.

From hence I rode forward to DERBY.

Some have fancied that the DOVE has a blue tinge like the fine feathers of the dove. It requires, however, ſome imagination to ſee it.

Thy murmurs, Dove,
Pleaſing to lovers, or men fallen in love;
With thy bright beauties, and thy fair blue eyes,
Wound, like a Parthian, while the ſhooter flies;

Of

Of all fair Thetis' daughters, none ſo bright,
So pleaſant were to taſte, none to the ſight,
None yield the gentle angler ſuch delight.

Thus, or nearly thus, ſings Mr. Cotton, in his Poem on the Wonders of the Peak; which favours the idea I have mentioned.

Every one wiſhes for a good proſe account of the Peak, but nobody will undertake it. It is certainly much wanted.

DERBY

Is ſituated upon the Weſt ſide of the Derwent. At this town, Sir Thomas Lombe fixed his wonderful and complicated Italian machines for making the organzine ſilk; plans of which he took at various times by ſtealth in Italy, at the hazard of his life, for which he had a douceur from Parliament of 14000*l.*

Hiſtory celebrates the ſpirit and heroiſm of Ethelfrida, who, at the head of the Mercian troops, entirely beat the Danes upon this ſpot.

This

This town was likewiſe the fartheſt the rebels reached in the year 1745, in their route to London.

Here is likewiſe a China-manufactory.

From this place we excurſed to KEDDLESTONE, Lord Scarſdale's.

This is an entire new houſe, deſigned by the Adams. The hall is a noble room; the ceiling ſupported by twenty pillars of poliſhed ſpar, or alabaſter, as it is more generally called; but it is as finely veined, and as beautiful, as the fineſt marble. Upon a near approach, however, you ſee a glaſſineſs and tran-

ſparency in the white part of it between the veins, which tell you that it is not marble. The chimney-pieces are elegant and well finiſhed; cut in white alabaſter, which is not ſo hard indeed, nor will it take ſo fine a poliſh, as Parian marble; but it is of as pure a white. The different pieces of hiſtory upon the chimney-pieces appear crowded and confuſed, the ſpace being too ſmall to admit ſo many figures; ſome of them, taken ſingly, are extremely well executed. The pannels are filled with beautiful little figures of Clay's manufactory.

Many parts of the houſe have a degree of taſte and elegance beyond any thing

thing I have ever ſeen before. I think, however, that in general it is too fine, and overcharged with ornaments, particularly the ceilings.

Amongſt the paintings, there is a fine Claude, and a valuable piece of Rembrant; this laſt they had covered with a high maſtic-varniſh, which had done it no good.

Here I took my leave of the Biſhop and his family, and returned to Derby.

All accounts of Dr. M—— agree, that no man ever wore the lawn-ſleeves with more credit to himſelf, more ſatis-

faction to his clergy, or with more utility to the dioceſe at large.

He remained ſome time at HARROWGATE, where he was not only admired, but beloved for the eaſy chearfulneſs of his manner, and the uniform amiableneſs of his diſpoſition.

Mrs. M—— is ſenſible, and poſſeſſes the art of rendering herſelf extremely agreeable.

NOT-

NOTTINGHAM.

Here I paſſed three days with my friends very happily. From hence I came to town; from town to W———, where I remained a week with Mr. B——, and then to E—— in Suſſex.

The above was written in different places, and at different times, in my tour, whenever I had a moment for recollection, or could procure information.

The ROUTE.

	Miles.
London.	
St. Alban's, Hertfordſhire	21
Holloway Houſe, Earl Spencer's.	
Dunſtable, Bedfordſhire	17
Wooburn	9
Wooburn-Abbey, Duke of Bedford's.	
Newport Pagnell	9
Northampton	16
Near the town on the right is the ſeat of Mr. Bouverie.	
Harborough, Leiceſterſhire,	17
Stanford Hall.	
Dingley, Mr. Hungerford's.	
Leiceſter	15
Mountſorrel	

	Miles
Mountſorrel	6
Loughborough	4
Nottingham	14
The Caſtle. Belvoir Caſtle.	
Matlock, Derbyſhire,	20
Buxton	24
Poole's Hole.	
Caſtleton.	
The Devil's A—ſe. Mam Torr.	
From Sheffield, Yorkſhire, to	
Tickill	17
On this ſide Tickill, Roche Abbey, and Lord Scarborough's.	
Doncaſter	8

Another road from Sheffield to Doncaſter.

Tinſley	3
Cankley	3

	Miles
Wickerſley	4
Maltby	4
Roche Abbey	2
Doncaſter	8
About three miles out of the road to the left is Wentworth-Houſe, Lord Rockingham's.	
A few miles farther on is Coniſborough Caſtle, Lord Strafford's.	
Ferrybridge	15
Weatherby	16
Harrowgate	8
Another road from Doncaſter to Harrowgate.	
Lord Strafford's	18
Wakefield	11
Leeds	9
Harrowgate	14

	Miles
York	22
New Malton	18
To the left, before you come to New Malton, is Caſtle Howard, Lord Carliſle's.	
Scarborough	22
On the left, is a ſeat of Sir William St. Quintin.	
Scarborough Caſtle.	
We returned to York. From hence to	
Boroughbridge	17
The Devil's Arrows.	
Mr. Weddel's.	
Rippon	6
Studley, Mr. Aiſlabie's	1½
Hack-fall.	6
Rippon to Harrowgate	20

Knares.

	Miles
Knareſborough Dropping Well and Caſtle.	
Leeds	15
Cloth Manufactory.	
Kirkſtall Abbey.	
Mancheſter	43
The Duke of Bridgewater's Canal.	
Matlock	44
Aſhbourn	10
Near Aſhbourn, Mr. Okeover's.	
Iſlam, and *Dovedale.*	
Derby.	
Silk and China Manufactories.	
At Keddleſtone, Lord Scarſdale's.	
Nottingham	12
To London.	

Two roads from Mancheſter to Nottingham.

	Miles
To Stockport	7
Diſley	7
Buxton	10
Matlock	24
Nottingham	20
	68

To Diſley	14
Chapel in Frith	7
Bakewell	13
Matlock	10
Nottingham	20
	64

FINIS.

ERRATA.

Page 19. *Inſtead of* to narrow intereſted motives, *read* to narrow and intereſted motives.

Page 45. *Inſtead of* the vulgar's too, *read* according to the vulgar and too general, &c.

Page 87. *For* Riley, *read* Filey.

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